A

LETTER

TO THE

Bishop of Munster;

Containing a

PANEGYRICK

OF HIS

Heroick Atchievments,

IN

HEROICK VERSE.

Liv. Orat. *Injurias & non redditas, causam hujusce esse belli audisse videor.*

London, Printed in the Year 1666.

TRES-ILLVSTRE ET TRES-EXCELLENT PRINCE,
CHRISTOPHLE-BERNARD DE-GALEN,
EVESQVE DE MVNSTER, PRINCE DV SAINCT EMPIRE,

Ce Prince est apresent en guerre auec les Estats Generaux des Prouinces vnies des Pays-bas à l'occasion des places d'Eideler et de Borkelo.

Duc de 1672

Bibliotheca Regia Monacensis

A LETTER

TO THE

Biſhop of Munſter, &c.

REnowned *Prince*, Maſter of Might and Myter,
With ſword of Fleſh, and ſword of Spirit fighter;
Ride on and proſper: (Sir) where you are Head
That Army's by a *Prince* and *Prophet* led,
Moſes and *Aaron*: In a word you are
Both *Mars* and *Mercury*, Councel and Warre.

P. B. 47.

A.

Your *Camp* conſiſts of *Chriſtian* Souldiers right,
And bravely do under *Chriſts* Banner fight.
Who ever ſees you in the Field muſt grant
That now the Church is truly militant.
The *French* and *Dutch*, pure ſaints are in this fray,
That fight againſt the Church, are they not pray?
But they have found on both ſides to their loſs
The *Biſhops* Croſier, *France* and *Holland's* croſs.
Whileſt your bright two edg'd Sword, if I may ſay
Like that of Paradice? turns every way.
You fight with here both *Babilon* and *Mecha*,
Strugling with divers Nations like *Rebecka*.
Holland has all, that's no Religion; *France*
Has complemented *Chriſt* to a *Romance*.
You're come to do, what Mortal hardly can,
Chriſten a *Jew*, and a *Samaritan*.

The

The frantick *French*, for ſo it ſeem'd you good,
To cure their Frenzie you baptiz'd in blood.
And for the *Dutch*, on a hard task you fall,
Yet cut their Sluces, you baptize 'em all.
The Faith's Defender promis'd to appear,
Great *Britain's* Monarch to be God-father:
God-father did I ſay? unworthy Elves,
He comes to make 'em anſwer for themſelves.
He did laſt year baptize their *Admiralties*
As God did the *Ægiptians* i'th' *Red Sea*.
But you (great Sir) you have 'em every way,
As *Prince* you beat, as *Prieſt* you make 'em pray;
And glad they can get quarter on their knees.
'Tis doubly fought, *Paul's* Sword and *Peter's* Keyes;
As for their *Plumb-broth*, though I taſt it not,
I'm ſure the *Biſhop* ſet his foot i'th' pot.

All Winter they in troubled waters fiſht,
A merry *Chriſtmas* many times was wiſht.
But as to you Sir Heaven has ſtrow'd your way
With duſt of Diamonds, and Pearls that lay
Thick as the piles of graſs; where could ye go
But through th' Almighty's treaſury of Snow?
The Chriſtal waves conſpir'd for want of Wood
To make themſelves your Bridge o're their own flood.
The half ſtarv'd *Dutch* a much worſe bargain got,
A winter was too cold, ſervice too hot.
Yet to this comfort oft they did reſort,
The ſeaſon though ſevere, the dayes were ſhort:
And yet to ſuch of them as dar'd to fight
They were ſo long they thought 'twould ne're be night.
Some ſought for long, what others found too ſoon,
Such as were got in a dead ſleep by noon:

They

They never heard the pamper'd Pranſers ſtamp,
Nor wak'd they at the thunder of the *Camp*.
Endimion did but wink, to theſe, whoſe eyes
Morpheus had lockt up with his leaden keyes.
'Tis not a Cucko ſtorm, no, no, ware head
Cryes out the trembling boor, when it hails lead:
Flemmings look to't, here comes a new Spring tide,
Y'had need befluice your ſelves on *Flanders* ſide.
Here comes the *Biſhop* with a deluge round ye,
Not to confirm ye, hang ye, but confound ye.
Has laid his hands upon your heads, I trow
You never thought to have been *Biſhopt* ſo.
You muſt expect ſo long as he abides
In *Flanders*, he will ſoundly lace your ſides.
Flanders will ſerve him for Lawn-ſleeves he ſayes,
But he'l have *Holland* for his Surplices.

He'l make ye write again, if at theſe rates
He humble ye, *The poor diſtreſſed States.*
Addreſs your ſuite then to the Myter'd man,
And lowly fall 'fore your *Dioceſan.*
The mouths of *Cannons* ſpeak his loud *Oration,*
Believe it *Boors,* 'tis a ſharp *Viſitation.*
Who e're till now our eyes the witneſs be
Had thought t'have ſeen *Holland* a Biſhops See?

FINIS.